The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1918.

ALL AMERICA IS BACK OF YOU

Twenty-two million of our folks back home—one person out of every five of the total population of the country—bought bonds of the Third Liberty Loan.

That means that 7,000,000 more people became bond holders in this issue than did so in the second loan. But it means far more than that. It means that the American people have tellingly and concretely put the proof before the world that this is "their war."

Let us see: For census purposes a "family" is put down as five people. With one person out of every five in on this loan, what do we have? Every family in the United States represented—every family in the nation back of us to the limit with its savings and earnings, bearing active and concrete testimony to its faith in the A. E. F., to its devotion to the Cause for which the A. E. F. has taken the field.

It was not easy for many of those families to put aside $50 or $100 or more at this particular time. For a goodly number it meant real hardship, real privation. But they did it, and they did it gladly, exultingly, because of their faith in America, because of their faith in you!

THE LONG, LONG TRAIL

There were times, in the ample leisure of our journey from America to France, when we envied the transport crews, and there were times when we did not. A lot depended, for instance, on the weather. We enjoyed watching them work; we picked up snatches of their lingo and made it part and parcel of our own Army shop talk; we found among them fellows who had known Bill Jones and Joe Robinson for years, just as we had.

Then we landed, and so many things began to happen, and have kept on happening, that the Navy and its men have perhaps almost gone out of our minds—have become half a memory, half an anticipation.

They got us over, but their task has not stopped there. They are keeping us going. Food, clothes, supplies, they bring it all. Remember, when that long-awaited letter from home finally reaches your hands, that, in order to get it to you, blue-uniformed lads took pot shots at floating targets (and smashed them), faced Atlantic gales in a pitching forecastle and scanned the waste of ocean, with endangering and untiring vigilance, for signs of the Hun water rat.

FRAT PINS AND BRASS TACKS

The visitors' book had spaces for "Occupation in Civil Life," "College," "Fraternity or Club." It was thick with "Banker," "Journalist," "Bond Salesman," "Insurance Agent," "Doctor," "Uplift Work," "Y. M. C. A.," "Retired," "Lawyer," "Manufacturer" and "Merchant"; with "Yale," "Ohio State," "Sewanee," "Purdue," "Berkeley" and "Washington"; with "Beta Theta Pi," "D. K. E.," "Charter," "Campus," "Psi U," "Sigma Nu," "Gorgon Head" and "Skull and Serpent." It was thick with everything.

On and on the observer read, through a dreary waste of forgotten occupations, a deal of college and university titles and a deal of secret, mystic symbolism. Suddenly, out of the fog and miasma of all that mass there stood out these words:

"Occupation: SOLDIER."

"College: UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY."

"Fraternity or Club: NONE."

Written in a good, clear, round hand, they quite eclipsed the more ornate descriptions-of-self with which the page was cluttered. The looked businesslike. They looked democratic. They looked real.

OUR ALLY, RUSSIA

We call it Darkest Russia because we cannot see into it. The rest of the world has usually been hopelessly at sea about Russia, and the present day is no exception. If now you think of that great, floundering country as out of the war, you are making a grotesque mistake.

It is true that Russia has sagged and collapsed as a belligerent. It is true that that collapse released for use against the Allies on the Western front a mass of troops and guns. But even now Russia is keeping a million of the enemy busy.

It is not at all fantastic to say there is still a Russian front 3,000 kilometers long. Five hundred thousand German soldiers and about that many Austrians are at present engaged in the staggering task of arranging a mere part of Russia to the taste and needs of Potsdam and Vienna. And the beauty of it is that they are not doing it—that that million is not enough, nowhere near enough.

Just as there ceased to be in Russia a strong enough central government to keep her bargain with us, so there is none now strong enough to dicker directly with the Hun. He will get all he gets by force, and to extract from Russia all the cereals and other riches he desperately needs, he would come pretty near having to station one armed German on guard over each Russian peasant—a disposition of troops not altogether practical.

Don't imagine for a moment that the Hun is happy in the land that was quite too much for the Romanoffs.

PRIVATE GAUGLER TO THE BAR

We are in receipt of the following letter from Ord. Sgt. Launa W. Holland, A. P. O. 717:

"In the May 3rd issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES in column 1 on page 5, under the caption 'The Army's Poets,' there appears a poem, 'The Hill Back Home,' credited to Pvt. Clarence W. Gaugler, Q. M. C.

"I do not want to rob any one of due credit, but the verse referred to was written and published in the States early last summer by a woman, though I do not recall the name, and entitled 'An Afternoon on a Hill.' The only difference is the word 'quiet' in the third line, which was originally 'kind.' The poem was reviewed in a July or August issue of *The Literary Digest* as an example of a poem written at that time and not inspired by the war and this was where I saw it. And in writing a friend back in the States I quoted it in a letter during the latter part of September."

It should be added, by way of further evidence in the case of the A.E.F. *vs.* Pvt. Gaugler, defendant, that when he sent in this singularly beautiful poem (not only signed with his own name, but with the explicit statement that he had "composed" it), it bore the title "One Afternoon on the Hill." That title was changed in this office in the belief that "The Hill Back Home" lent to the exquisite imagery of the poem some color of the war.

It would seem from this *prima facie* evidence, Pvt. Gaugler, that, unlike your accuser, you are not one of those who "do not want to rob any one of due credit." What have you to say to the charge that you are a thief?

"SOUVENIRS FOR SUSIE"

Don't go hunting "souvenirs for Susie" when you next go up front. If you do, you are more than likely to deprive Susie of the only souvenir she really wants to have you bring back from the war—namely, yourself.

"During the recent battle of Seicheprey, the Germans, in addition to mining the village before they were driven out, scattered helmets, bayonets, belts and other equipment about temptingly, counting on the fondness of American soldiers for souvenirs. Each was attached by a wire to high explosives, and a few American soldiers, eager for keepsakes, were wounded in this fashion."

The quotation is from the report of a news agency correspondent who was up there when it happened, who saw, and who knew. Souvenir-sapping is one of the Boche's favorite little dirty tricks. A word to the wise—.

THE EXILE'S NEWSPAPER

A gentle reader whose home is within a brisk ten minutes' walk of the Place de la Concorde writes us in this vein:

"I have lived in Paris for ten years because my husband's business is here and I am sick with my hunger for a sight of Battery Park and Times Square. I have found your paper more like a message from home than any thing I hear these days. The headlines are as American as Chicago or baseball or Fred Stone. I chuckle at the very sight of them and my husband cannot understand why because he is a Frenchman.

"I read every word in every story because the voice of THE STARS AND STRIPES has the Yankee twang and it does me good to hear it. And once in a while a phrase or a word, which you use unconsciously, but which I have not heard these many years, conjures up a picture of the places I used to know and I read on with a mist in my eyes. Somehow I feel as if the Atlantic were not quite so wide since you started to publish."

This letter quite warmed the editorial heart. Here is a newspaper planned solely for the pleasure of the men in this great expedition, but we soon learned that if had a cordial public back home and we are finding out that it has its welcome in the American colonies of London, Paris and the like. It is relished by those far flung exiles of the United States, little outposts of home where there are many who are true blue Americans as honestly homesick as ourselves. We enjoy our work the more when we know that they enjoy it, too.

ONE LANGUAGE

German-language newspapers in the United States were always an anachronism. In time of war they are an insult to the sovereignty of the United States. We note with unfeigned delight that during the past few weeks quite a number of them ceased publication and that in many towns their sale has been prohibited by the local authorities.

The English language was used by Washington in his Farewell Address, by Lincoln in his Gettysburg Address and Second Inaugural, by Wilson in his War Message and—let no German forget—in his Third Liberty Loan speech on "force to the utmost." English would seem to be pretty well established as the language of the United States of America. And since it is the language of the United States, it behooves all those who call themselves citizens of the United States to carry on their dealings and gain their information through its medium.

PASSPORTS

Under the terms of a Bill which has just passed the House of Representatives, the President has full power to put restrictions on arrival and departure facilities in American ports.

The Bill deserves to pass. When it does, we hope to see a few restrictions put upon the departure for France of people who have not, as an earnest of what they are departing for, the necessary guns on their shoulders and the equally necessary packs on their backs.

Today in Homeburg

YOUR Father got up this morning and came down stairs, going out on the porch first to secure the morning paper from the city before Johnny, who can never quite beat his old man down unless there's a quarter on the side in it, got there to devour the sporting page and the Boy Scout notes. Before your Father ate a thing, he went over that front page at a rush, to see how things stood with you over here. Then he took a look at the inside, to be sure he hadn't missed anything about the war. Thus reassured and fortified, he sat down to breakfast.

Father doesn't monopolize the paper at breakfast any more. Your Mother demands it as soon as he comes to the table, and goes through the war news with the same avidity as your Father. There's a little catch in her throat as she glimpses the headline, "American Troops Beat Back Attack," and her hand trembles a bit as she pours out the coffee for your father. Then she goes over the story below that headline, taking in every word, and then reads it again—silently.

She pictures You in that repulse, in that fight, and no wonder it makes her quiver a bit. But, being the best sport in the world, she makes a lot of satisfaction in reading that it was a successful repulse, that the Boche got worse than they gave, and that the line is all right. Still, she doesn't have very much to say at breakfast these days. And your Father says even less. He's thinking, too—and, since he knows your Mother is thinking the same thing he doesn't talk about it.

WELL, Father goes along down street to open up the store. He doesn't take the paper along with him as he used to—he leaves it for Mother, who, after the youngsters have been gotten out of bed and fed and tidied up and sent off to school, will exercise a great deal of restraint and actually put off her trip to market, or her sweeping of the living room, or her morning's sewing, to sit down and digest that news thoroughly.

It isn't a hardship for Father, for he takes another paper, nowadays, down at the store. He isn't smoking cigars now until after dinner—so as to send you a few more smokes—and he is cutting down in lots of ways to help the youngsters (although they're really earning a lot themselves after school) to acquire bonds and thrift stamps and things. But that extra paper he must have. He doesn't call it a luxury. He simply can't get along without it.

"Looks better for us, eh?" he says to Will Levington, when Will comes in and peels off his coat preparatory to tackling the day's work. "The paper says they were smashed back in good shape, and the French general said our lads were the stuff when it came to doing it. I wonder——"

But Father doesn't finish that sentence. You know mighty well what he's wondering. So does Will. And Will, having a lot more tact than you ever gave him credit for, discreetly shuts up.

WELL, old Mrs. Jones comes in to make some purchases. Mrs. Jones hasn't heard from her Jim this week for some reason or other, and asks your Father if he's heard from you recently. Father says yes, he has about a week ago. You were all right and well and said you had good things to eat and that the weather was getting better and that one of your pals had just been awarded his chevrons and that it pleased you. "Sounded as if they were all *pretty* happy and well off," he tells the old lady; and oh! how she beams with relief! That letter of yours, you see, has done some mighty fine missionary work, under your Dad's handling.

"Remember me to the boy when you write to him, won't you?" says Mrs. Jones, on parting. "I'd write him myself, only I know they're all so busy I don't think it's fair for people they don't know real well to write to them, as if they were expecting an answer. My, I can remember when he was a little fellow, playing with my Jimmy up in the apple orchard on Congdon's lot! I do hope I hear from Jimmy in a day or two."

"Let us know when you do," your Father tells her. "We're always glad to hear from Jimmy."

Mrs. Jones goes out; but other people come in, all morning long. And there isn't a one of them but seeks out Father and asks the same question. "Well, how's the boy? What do you hear from him?"

AT noon, when your Father goes home to dinner, there is big news: A letter, in a much-buffeted and grimy envelope, written in pencil by flickering candle light—but from You! Kid Sister is tugging at your Mother's skirts, dancing up and down and demanding, "Read it *now*, Muvver!" And your Mother—well, you just ought to see how flushed and pleased and happy she looks as she runs to the door on hearing your Father's familiar step!

Johnny forgets all about the row he had with the new teacher, to listen open-mouthed to your Mother's reading of it—rather, her tenth re-reading of it. Your Father doesn't say much, but he's just as open-mouthed as Johnny. And when Aunt Hattie calls up on the 'phone—Aunt Hattie was always calling up about dinner time, you remember, and driving your Mother nearly frantic by so doing—why, your Father just lets his dinner grow cold while he tells her all about the letter.

THE streets of Homeburg look a lot pleasanter and "springier" to your Father as he walks back to work in the early afternoon. The people seem so much kindlier, so much better neighbors than ever before. They all ask the same questions that the others asked when they came into the store in the morning: "What's the good word from the boy?" And when your Father says, "We just got a letter today, and everything is fine!" they all smile, as pleased as can be. They want to know all about you: they're interested in you because they like you, and like your Father and Mother. They're every one of them your friends.

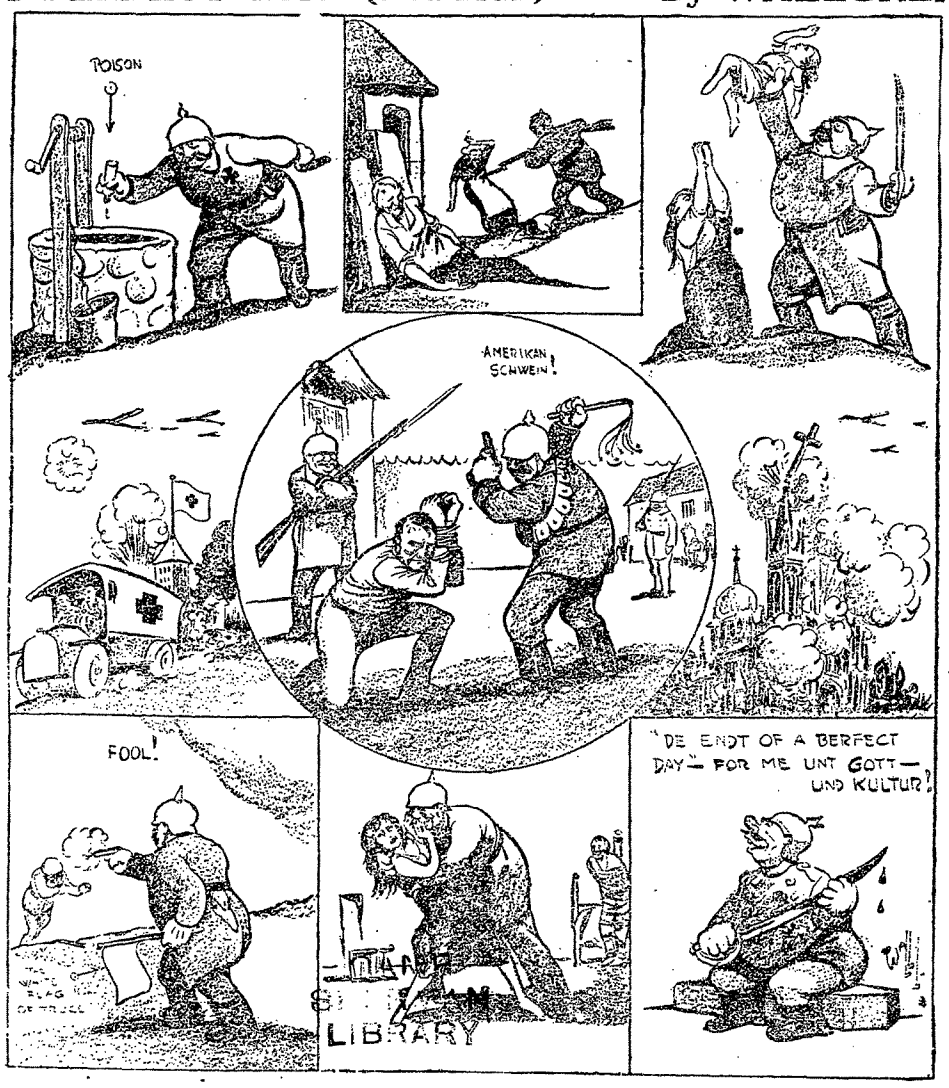
The chances are that, on the day that that letter arrives, your Father is a bit late in getting back in the afternoon. So many people have stopped him on street corners, and he has been so willing to share his good news with them, that it's a wonder he gets back to the store when he does. Old Dr. Squires, who aided materially in bringing you into the world, is among the first to inquire. Deacon Jenkins, yes, the crabbed old Deacon whom you had the run-in with when you were a youngster when he caught you and your gang camping out in his barn—wants to know how you are and what you are doing! So it goes, all the afternoon long.

YOU can imagine the evening. When the Adamses come over to sit on your porch in the new "daylight-saved" twilight that people are just beginning to enjoy, you're the first person for whom they inquire, and the last thing they say is, "And do be sure to give him our best." Other neighbors drop in, too, and every one of them leaves a message for you, and says nice things about you. And when the last of them have gone, and the youngsters have been sent to bed, with their prayers heard and their feet washed and everything, your Father and Mother just sit out there for about an hour later than they usually do, not saying much but resting mighty happily, feeling mightily at peace with the world—thinking about you.

Great little old town, Homeburg. Full of nice, neighborly folks—every one of them a friend of yours. And they're helping your Father and Mother more than you, over here, can realize, to keep cheerful, to keep buoyed up, to keep in the hopeful frame of mind against the day of your coming back.

And what a day that will be for Homeburg! H. H.

A PERFECT DAY (à la Hun) —By WALLGREN



"HEAD UP! CHIN IN!"

BY A PRIVATE

"They" laid down "the position of the soldier" in the I.D.R. because, after taking into account the experiences of all armies, that turned out to be the easiest position in which *a man could stand*—and look like a man as he stood forth in fair length of time.

Head up, chin in, stomach drawn in, arms hanging naturally by the sides but with the shoulders well back and the chest out, weight distributed evenly on both feet—everybody knows how it ought to be done. And there isn't anything finer to be seen on land or sea than "the position of the soldier" when it's done right.

"They" didn't lay it down simply to make us look just so. "They" laid it down because it was the most hygienic position they could figure out.

It gives the chest room to expand itself and breathe in. It puts the stomach right where it belongs—out of sight. It distributes the weight evenly on both feet, so that neither one gets tired or fallen or humpy or anything from doing more than its fair share of the work. In short, it makes "a place for everything and everything in its place."

The elements of "the position of the soldier" are supposed to be kept up at all times, particularly as far as the from-the-waist-up portion of the soldier's anatomy is concerned. When they are so kept up, they make everything the *soldier does seem a lot easier.*

A man with a chestful of air can outmarch, outwork, outfight *every day a man who hasn't* got a chestful of it. A man who keeps his stomach where it belongs, by keeping his diaphragm in place, very seldom has any internal trouble.

A man whose shoulders are well braced by constant keeping-in-place finds his pack easier to carry, for there is something there to resist the pack's load, some foundation of muscle to keep the wear of the pack away.

"Keep your eyes off the ground, your head up and your chin in—and keep them that way all the time you're in France," is what a certain division commander told a greenhorn at inspection one day.

The general didn't give that command for the sake of military pose; he gave it for a good psychological reason. A man who looks everything square in the eye, with his head up and his chin in, is not going to be fooled, is not going to be caught off his guard, is not going to get roadsore on the hike.

The only way to "get that way" is to reinforce the eyes, the head and chin by constant practice in keeping "the position of the soldier."

A FIELD NOTE BOOK

SAM BROWNE NEW STYLE

Necessity is the mother of a new use for the *Sam Browne* belt. When a regiment gets into the Z. of A., officers have to cut down their luggage allowance to the same basis as explorers making a dash for the North Pole. Under these circumstances, old-timers have learned that a Sam Browne belt can be turned to good advantage as a razor strop.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

Scene: A roadside in France. Doughboy on a bank beside it, munching hardbread. Mess sergeant passes, upper right.

Mess Sergeant: What you thinking about, Bill?

Doughboy: What I'm goin' to buy after this war's over.

Mess Sergeant: Have you made up your mind yet?

Doughboy: Pretty near. I think it will be a restaurant.

Exit mess sergeant, lower left.

CURTAIN

WELL?

"Here's what I wanta know."

"All right, Al, whatta you wanta know?"

"If you get wounded, you get a stripe on your right arm?"

"That's a fact."

"Well, whatta you goin' to do if your right arm gets shot off?"

CHEVRONS AND CHEVRONS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

In a recent issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES, mention was made of a coming change in the design of the Overseas cap, due in part, according to the article, to the articles and letters criticizing the cap which appeared from time to time in the above mentioned official news medium of the A.E.F.

If the Overseas cap is to be shorn of its embarrassingly humorous lines because of the notoriety which it attained in your columns, it is possible that, by directing your attention to some of the incongruities of service and wound stripes and the regulations pertaining to them, the powers-that-be will reverse judgment on some of the points involved.

First, the design of the new chevrons: The regulations declare that the angle formed by the sides of the chevron shall be 90 degrees.

If there is any grace or artistic quality attached to an angle of 90 degrees, the supporters of such a theory are few, for in all the arguments that I have heard not a soul has dared to vouch for the design of the chevron. Try it yourself. Draw a chevron with the 90 degree angle and then another with an angle of 60 degrees, the one necessary for forming an equilateral triangle. Look at them and decide for yourself which pleases.

So much for the design. An article in our paper stated recently that all the trouble over who's who in the service chevron line had been settled by the War Department with the decision that every enlisted man and officer of the U.S. forces serving in France or England would be entitled to wear the chevron.

I am aware of the argument that has for its basis the theory that the man who is checking up corned willy on a dock is doing just as much to win the war as the chap with a rifle on the fire step. Yes, surely; but it is also well to remember that that chap up front leads, for the time that he is there, an existence as uncertain as that of a candle-flame in an open window. A puff may blow it out at any moment.

I don't suppose that suggestions are welcome, but it is a poor criticism that isn't followed by a suggested remedy. Hence, it would seem fair if the gold service chevron were allowed to stand for service anywhere on this side of the Atlantic. In addition, let us have a silver chevron of identical pattern for every three months' actual service in the zone of fire.

The computation of such time would be easy for a company clerk, and you have my word for it that every man in the A.E.F. would be everlastingly proud of a chevron which it would be impossible to obtain except by serving a total of 90 days in the zone where "life is sweet but uncertain."

As to wound chevrons, one part of the regulations states that not more than one wound chevron may be worn for more than one wound incurred in one day, a fair rule providing it is supposed to apply to a number of wounds received almost instantaneously, say from a burst of shrapnel. But there are instances where such a ruling proves to be unfair.

A private in the — Infantry recently was received at a dressing station during the morning with a rifle wound through the fleshy part of his arm. He had it bandaged and returned to his squad. Before noon he was at the dressing station again, with his nose *shattered and a scalp wound, both due to* shrapnel. He insisted and was allowed to return to the line. Before night he was brought in with a severe shrapnel wound through his side.

A man such as that deserves three wound chevrons—deserves more than three wound chevrons. He deserves a chevron that shall denote his ability to stay in the game long enough to be wounded three times.

It is suggested that in such instances, when a man has been wounded on more than one occasion during a day, the usual wound chevron be awarded, but with silver diamonds superimposed and symmetrically arranged on the gold braid, showing the number of wounds incurred. A WOUNDED SOLDIER.

[The regulations governing the wound chevron state that "not more than one chevron will be worn for two or more wounds received at the same time." The word "time" has been wrongly interpreted by the writer of the above letter to mean "day." In our opinion, the private whose case is cited is entitled to three chevrons—one for the first wound, a second for the next two wounds (which were received at the same *time*), and a third for the third wound. He would have them if we had the power to award them, anyway. And we feel sure that those who have that power will interpret the regulation in just the same way.—EDITOR.]

TRAINS AHOY!

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Hail to THE STARS AND STRIPES, the one real paper, forrard by real men, the best little *journal* printed in France. Like Pearls' Soap, "We are never happy until we get it," and like Postum, "There's a Reason."

Hail to our Infantry, Artillery, Cavalry, Engineers, Signal Corps, etc., etc., who have proved to the world that they are excelled by none. And no one knows it better than our enemy the Hun.

But has anyone ever heard from the Ammunition Trains? As we receive the copies of THE STARS AND STRIPES we read about the above-named branches—but we seem to be "Mickys."

We are not kicking about anything, you understand. We read articles, poems, etc., written by boys from all branches of the Service, which are more than interesting. But evidently *this* Ammunition Train has not been represented in that respect, because of the lack of Scribes and Wits, also of spare time. There is no "Fatigue" or "Recall" sounded in this outfit—it is one big detail from reveille to retreat, with mess tucked in on the fly. And when the above named outfits get their American up, and decide to work the Huns a bit, it is "double time" for us, with mess call abolished for the time being.

But since the first copies of THE STARS AND STRIPES were circulated, we have not heard from the Ammunition Trains. Why the camouflage?

The French have nick-named the *Train de Munitions "les embusqués,"* because we are not in the line when the *Croix de Guerre* are handed out. Not exactly S.O.R., but more like S.O.L. *"Les embusqués"* is right, but—

You who read this who have been behind the big guns that have laid a barrage for the boys in the trenches, and those of you who have been in the trenches behind a Hotchkiss or a Springfield, confident in the fact that your magazines and belts were full, and the barrage was on time and a heavy one, did you ever think of the boys who were lifting, hauling, cursing, driving, in pitch darkness, over shell-swept, mud-mired roads, by trucks and caissons, to assure you that this confidence is not erroneously founded? We wonder.

French families are awakened on dark, rainy nights by the heavy lumbering noise of heavily laden trucks passing by or the rumble of caissons, with the accompanying clatter of hoofs and the curses of the mule-skinners as they urge the animals on. It is the *Train de Munitions*, wet, dirty, hungry, tired and sleepy—*"les embusqués,"* remember, but ammunition is needed "out there," and ammunition is getting there, and they will wash, eat and sleep later.

This letter is not meant for a protest, far from it. The best we can do under the worst of conditions is considered as merely our duty. But we were considerably interested in a poem that appeared in the columns of THE STARS AND STRIPES not long ago that voiced the sentiments of a certain S.O.R. boy. If he thinks that he is "also S.O.L.," as he states, how about us?

CORP. CHAS. F. LANOUETTE,
Tr. Hq., — Am. Tr.

IF YOU'VE BEEN GASSED

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Kindly advise the writer or state in your next edition whether or not a soldier who has been gassed in action is entitled to a wound stripe. Is gassing under the heading of slight wounds? I see names I know are those of men who have been gassed appearing under the wounded heading. READER.

["Disablement by gas necessitating treatment by a medical officer shall be considered to be a wound." That is the wording of the regulation governing the wearing of the wound chevron.—EDITOR.]